

06.21.2015 Headline: The Racial Ratings of a Cold-Blooded Killer

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## The Only Way This Ends is for Someone to Walk Away

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I don't know if WJJ Hoge is so deluded, so demented that he actually believes his lies. He needs a peace order against me like a fish needs a bicycle. It's an ego thing for him. A trophy.

The honorable, Christian thing to do would be to finally admit to himself and his readers the only reason he has harassed me for all these years is that I counted Brett Kimberlin as a friend. I have a number of friends Mr. Hoge would not approve of. This is not for what I did or did not do to Stranahan. They can lie to themselves, but if they are capable of introspection they know better. Now they are doing to me the same thing they claim I did to Stranahan. They don't see the my motives for doing what I did, since they excuse Stranahan's stealing from people who send him money, for products they never received. They excuse his admitted pimping of his own wife. (Those websites did not make themselves, I didn't make them, Stranahan admits making them.) They forgive his lying about my supposed rape threat which the police say never happened. They forgive his raising money to move, and then not moving. They excuse him because he's in "the tribe."

So no, this is not because of Stranahan. This is because I had the will to fight back against the smear tactics of a gang of ultra-right wing teabaggers. There was no level to which they would not stoop. They whine and cry when the shit they throw gets thrown back at them.

Hoge had to lie to get his two peace orders against me. A good Christian liar. He knows that blocking me on Twitter would not be like changing his telephone number to avoid telemarketers. But he said it anyway in a court of law. He knows that blocking me on Twitter would not impair a significant portion of his Internet functionality. But he said so anyway in that same court. He looked me in the eye, shook my hand, and said he was not going to pursue the appeal of his second peace order. Idiot that I am, I believed him. I went to my neurologist, he went to court and got an unopposed peace order.

Either he or his readers are guilty of sending me the most obscene filth imaginable. First it was pictures of old fat men giving blowjobs to young black dudes. Then, when I wrote about my late wife's illness, I got pictures of her in various stages of decomposition. Yet, he whines like a scalded pup and screams "anonymous coward" when someone gives him a taste of his own medicine. (For the record, I have never sent an anonymous comment to anyone. If I want to attack you, it will be signed with my name so you know who attacked you. Call it courage of your convictions.)

This hot steaming mess has been flowing from Westminster for more than two years, and there seems to be only two ways to stop it.

Either Hoge's diseased, ischemic, held-together-by-rubber-bands heart gives out on him (but only after weeks of unimaginable pain in an ICU, fully conscious with a tube down his filthy throat), or someone walks away.

Hoge wants his peace order more than he wants his next breath. So there's only one adult in the room.

Over the next few days I have to decide what it's worth to me to get Hoge to admit he's a liar under oath. This man wants me so badly, he commissioned the forgery of a letter to make it look like it was written by and mailed by me.

Over the next few weeks and months, I must contend with the machinery of death. I've already purchased an urn for Call's cremains — which I'm told I will get in four to five weeks.

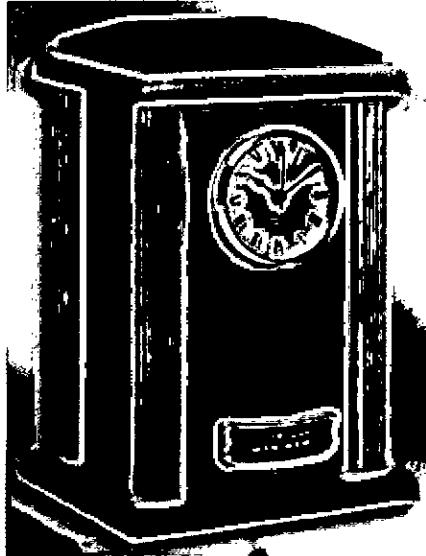
**EXHIBIT I-1-1**



Bill Schmalfeldt

3 mins • ▾ ▾

I imagine it will be a few weeks until I get Gail's ashes. But I've already picked out a lovely urn. Knowing Gail's desire to be ever useful, I think she would approve of the choice. The medallion will be engraved with her name, date of birth and date of death. It's solid marble.



I expect I may have certified copies of the death certificate by the end of this week, maybe next.

Once I have that, I can sign ownership of this trailer to TJ.

I can also apply to the Office of Personnel Management for the Federal Employee Life Insurance I've carried on Gail since 2005. It's not a lot, but it will help me move.

When I have the death certificate, I can stop paying for my Federal Employee Health Insurance and buy into Medicare Part B. I'm already in Part A.

My sister in Milwaukee is scouting for nice assisted living apartments for me. I am going to ask my sister-in-law to do the same in my hometown.

Once I've decided, once I have the money to pay for it all, I intend to move. If I do go back to Clinton, I will likely get involved in the political scene.

Either way, before this year is over, I intend to leave Maryland. I just can not get on with my life here in Gail's home. I've always enjoyed this place because Gail turned it into a work of art. I hate the neighborhood.

So, Hoge and I have two different aims here. His goal is to destroy me at the cost of his own soul. He has followers who have more hatred than brains. And what's the net effect of Hoge getting a peace order against me? Nothing. It's no skin off my nose.

My only reason for attending these hearings will be to publicly rub Hoge's face in his own mess. But is that a reason to do anything? The lawsuits? Let's wait and see if either judge cares to rule on the motions to dismiss, then I'll decide what to do.

At the moment, I am not inclined to attend the June 25 hearing. Hoge will know my final decision on the matter on June 25.

In the meantime, I have some more grieving to do.

**EXHIBIT I-1-2**

**EXHIBIT "I" 2 OF 3**



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**EXHIBIT I-1-3**



Liberal Grouch @Grouchcast365 1m

Not using the insurance money, Grady. Selling my car, using THAT  
money. You better lawyer up, too.



**EXHIBIT I-2**

**EXHIBIT "I" 3 OF 3**